OR THE

SCLL'S WELCOME

DO

GLORY.

WRITTEN DX.

JOHN BROWN,

young man in Hexham on his death bed, and fong at his Funeral, at his own request.

TO WHIEN IS ADDED,

THE LIFE OF THE Happy Man.

NEWSAUTER

VIED in the YEAR, 1707.



Deather Warrant, &c.

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HE King of Kings a Warrant feal'd and fent it out by death; And charged him to ferve the fanie, Upon my feeble breath.

Death came with speed, and fiezed me Whilft I in trouble lay:

And with his dart did pierce my heave,

And took my life a way. How quickly then my foul was loof'd

Out of this boufe of Clay! With which confinement long I'd groun'd

And wish'd for that bles'd day. Angels immediately came down,

With power from on high,

To gaurd my spirit safely home.

Above the starry flag. Sweet praifes all the way we went,

I found did molify, From angel's tongues, that founded louds

"Salvation now is nigh. The gate above stood open wide,

And Jefus in the space; He welcom'd me with words and fmiles,

And joy'd to fee my face.

e loud proclaim'd the for reign word, And bade me enter in ; e told me, " he had dy'd for me, And blotted out my fin. now my foul with angels fits, Amongst the heavenly choir? walk and talk with JESUS is, Which was my foul's defire. then I a tenant was in oray, How weary was I there? I fiveet with bitter drops was mix'd, My life was grief, and care ! of former things are done away; My work is now to "fing ;" en thousand praises are his due, Who is my LORD and KING. o you, my friends, who bear me home, Unto my DUSTY BED, he place where oft you've heard me fay, I long'd to lay my head ? ng praise, fing praise, my loving friends, Sog praifes all the way is was my will, that you thould fing, Upon my burial day. ng from my chamber to my grave, My friends that round me be; his work I oft times thought upon, When I your face did fee. y time is wholly done with you? This is your last for me. od as you fing, fo think e'er long, That you muit carry'd be,

Farewell! my fellow faints behind,
Do good the time you live;
For death e'er long will fummons you,
And give you no reprieve.
Farewell! my flesh, and blood most dear,

I leave you all behind; Unto the God of Ifrael's care,

Who's merciful and kind.

The day comes hasting on with speed, When Christ will come again,

To raise the bodies of his faints, That they may with him reign. My fiesh and dust shall rest in hope

Till that great look'd for day; Then all the forrows of his faints,

Shall vanish quite away. Kings are not rescu'd by the force

Of armies from the grave; Nor speed nor courage of a horse,

Can the bold rider favo. Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,

16 00

And blefs us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And truff-thy grace alone.

Chris

Christ's Possin, Sinner's Salvasion.

EEP in our hearts les us record I'be deeper forrows of our Lord : le old, the ning billows roll, o overwhelm his holy foul. ong complaints he fpends his breath, fire holts of hell, and now'rs of death, a all the fons of malice join e xecute their deep defign. e, gracious God, thy power and love, is made the curfe a b effing prove. to dreadful fufferings, of thy fon, non'd for fins that we had done; k pangs of our expiring Lord, he honours of the last reftor'd; s forrows made thy juffice known. ed paid for follies not his own, for his fake our guilt forgive, d let the mourning finder live; t Lord will hear us in his name, hall car hope be turn'd to fhame.

The Church Speaks

Father dear, alas Lhear,
Nor can I he content,
mantle's tore wolves keep my door,
facred walls are rent,
eat us, Lord, with one accord,
hat with one yoice we may

Description in account of the second section of the second

All join in praise, our voices raile,

And blus the buppy day,

Pil rank my head, nor will I dread,... Since disputes now will cente.

My beace reftor'd, by my bleft Lord,

My joys again increase. The promises to us are near.

Yea, even at our band,

His gratious face, proclaims yet brace.

To this degenerate land

Come broken-beamed, lame and blind,

Who long have bore ditrels, Here is a cure for each of you,

Christ your physician is;

Likewife your Goo, who bore the load,

When you no help could have,

Your desperate cafe three his free grace

He taw, and you nillevid.

The giorious Fathar's only Son, Did love his creatures to.

End love me creatures to,

His roatchless love did condescend,

To redeem maked from woe. Their voice he heard, and did ress

Their voice he heard, and did regard
Their cries his cars did reach;

The goingle train area de yout?

Sent them his truth to preach?

The cloud dispersed which long had reft,

And ready was to fall

Upon my bad; Christ brought redeem,

Freed me from Satans shrai.

Now will I fing praise so my kings

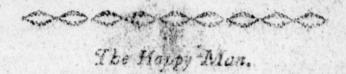
Who is my guide and head; Faithful is be, who cannot lie,

But makes his promife good ---

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erl

Ill watchful grow, his will purise. Not flight his favours more: don't of none who climbs the wall, But enters at the door. Those doctrine's pure, and walk fecure, Examplary hey be; coullant and juff are to their truff, Free from hypocrity. a days of old as Tam told, When gospel truth prevailed, o malice then by tongue or pea, Good charity never fall'e. at how much after'd is the case, Each man condering his brother, Sairtains and fays they go aftray, In paths they know not whither. There's but one road that leads to God, Pity Mich difference were. The feriptures read, they will you lead, If you observe what's there. What's therein wrote keep fichie to that. ' God's own hand did it pen; Therein's the rule to fave the fouls Of the race of linful men.



HE happy man was born in the city of regenerations in the parish of repentance unto life; he was educated at the School of Obedience, and now lives in the plain of erferenance; he works at the trade of diligence, and not with-

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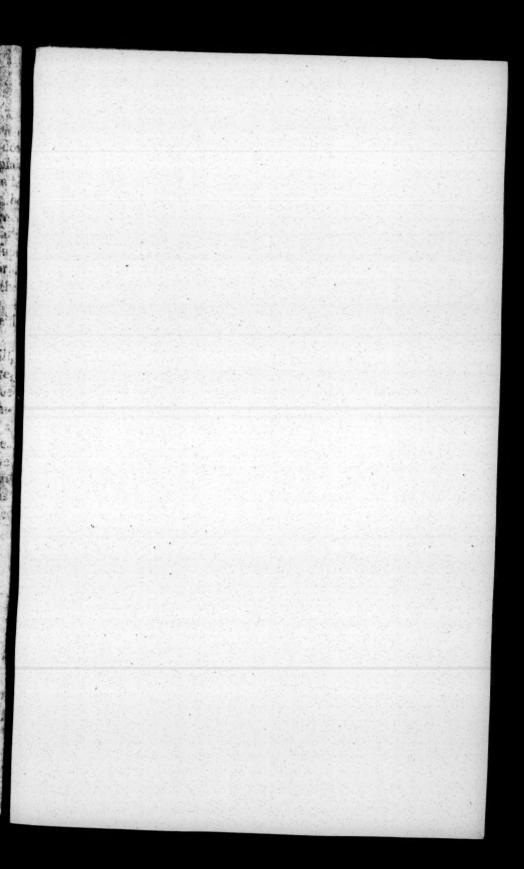
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